Mr. Friend-o'-Man

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THE WISE-AND-WONDER-MAN PLUMPED HIMSELF DOWN NEAR QUERY QUEER.

Mr. Friend-o'-Man

By

Jay T. Stocking

Illustrated by Sarah Noble Ives

Published jointly by
COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
AND
INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT
OF NORTH AMERICA
NEW YORK CITY

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INTRODUCTION

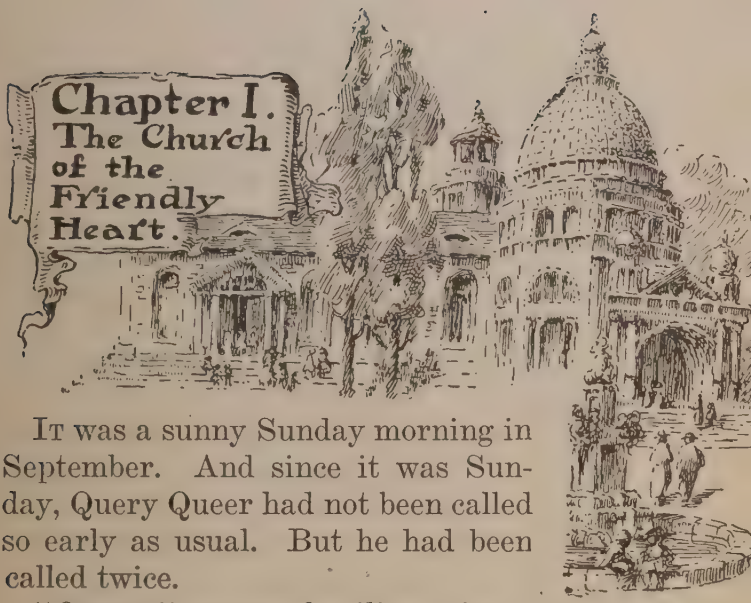
"WHO'S WHO" IN THESE STORIES

THESE stories are conversations between Query Queer and the Wise-and-Wonder-Man. Those who have chanced to read any of my stories for children will be familiar with these two characters.

Query Queer is a boy of early Junior age. He is thoughtful, imaginative, and of inquiring mind. When he was younger, the nickname Query was given him because he asked so many questions; Queer was added, because some of these questions seemed so strange to his elders. He did not like the name very well, but it clung to him.

The Wise-and-Wonder-Man is a whimsical spirit who knows the Why of things. He knows the secrets of all out-of-doors, of the flowers and birds. He is acquainted with history, has a wonderful memory,

understands a great deal more than is ever found in books, and knows the origin of laws and customs. He also has great ability to read what is in people's minds and hearts, and he is just a bit of a philosopher.



It was a sunny Sunday morning in September. And since it was Sunday, Query Queer had not been called so early as usual. But he had been called twice.

"Query!" came a familiar voice.

"Yes, Mother," said Query with a sleepy drawl, "just as soon as I get awake. I am almost awake now."

His mother went out and closed the door. Query Queer turned his face toward the outside of the bed. Soon he heard a tinkling noise. At first he thought it must be the breakfast bell. But it was not loud enough for that. It was a faint *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink.*

Query opened his eyes sleepily, and there, on the edge of the bed, sat a funny little man whom he had seen before. He had on a light blue suit with a border of silver bells, and a light blue, pointed cap, with a fringe of silver bells, and every time he moved or shook his head the bells went *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink*.

"Why, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, is that you?"

"It certainly is," came the reply.

"How did you happen to get here so early?"

"Early! Why, the sun is high! Boys should be astir before now."

"And how did you get up here to my room, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man?"

"Why, I came in through the window. I was flying by, astride a big leaf that I found. It blew right in, and here I am."

"What are you going to do to-day, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man?"

"Well, first of all, I am going to church. This is Sunday, you know."

"Going to church? I didn't know you ever went to church?"

"You didn't! Well, you ought to have known it. Every wise person goes to church."

"Does it do any good?"

"Why, Query Queer! I am astonished that you should ask such a simple question. All the world worships God, every beautiful thing worships Him. The flowers praise Him, the fields praise Him, the birds sing their hymns of worship. People certainly ought to do as much as the birds and the flowers."

"Where is your home? I don't believe you ever told me."

"I live in the City of Is-To-Be."

"The City of Is-To-Be? Is that near here?"

"Not so very near."

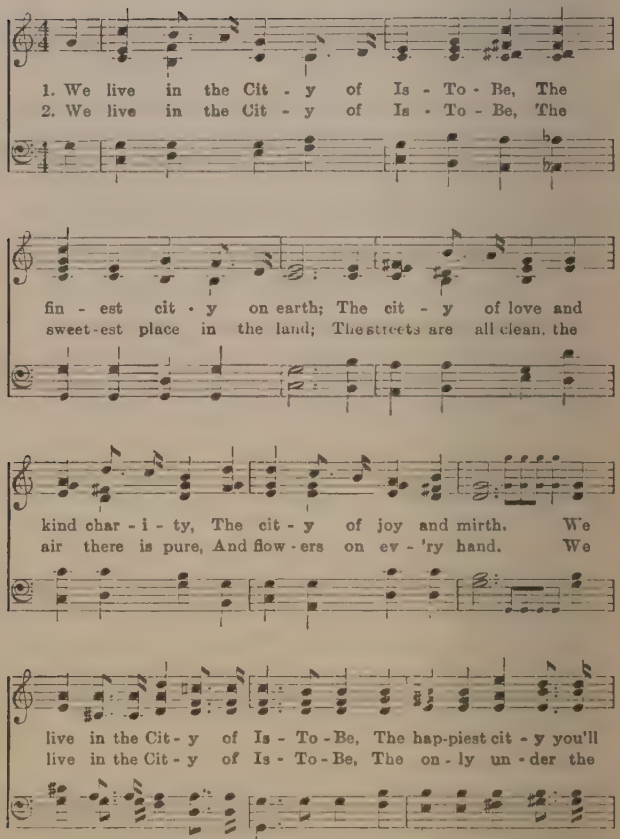
"Do the children like it? Is it very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful. There's no other city like it. Listen, and I'll sing you our city song. Everybody in our city sings it because everybody loves it."

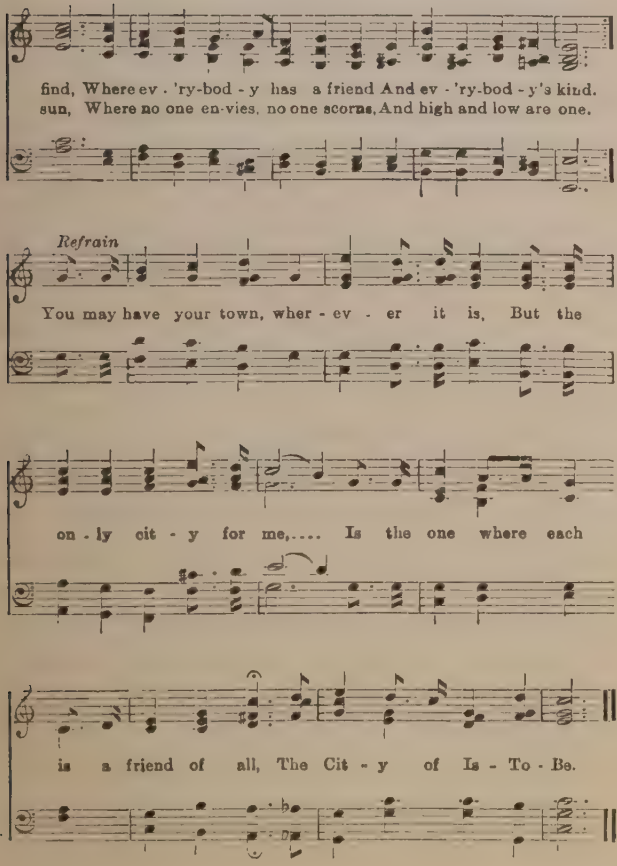
"I like that song," said Query, "but where do you go to church?"

City Song

CARL F. PRICE


1. We live in the Cit - y of Is - To - Be, The
2. We live in the Cit - y of Is - To - Be, The
fin - est cit - y on earth; The cit - y of love and
sweet-est place in the land; The streets are all clean, the
kind char - i - ty, The cit - y of joy and mirth. We
air there is pure, And flow - ers on ev - 'ry hand. We
live in the Cit - y of Is - To - Be, The hap-piest cit - y you'll
live in the Cit - y of Is - To - Be, The on - ly un - der the

City Song—Concluded


find, Where ev - 'ry-bod - y has a friend And ev - 'ry-bod - y's kind.
sun, Where no one en-vies, no one scorns, And high and low are one.
Refrain
You may have your town, wher - ev - er it is, But the
on - ly cit - y for me,.... Is the one where each
is a friend of all, The Cit - y of Is - To - Be.

"Oh, wherever I happen to be."

"But, I mean, what particular church do you attend?"

"The finest church in town."

"Well, what's the name of it? Is it the Presbygational, or the Episcodist, or the Baptarian?"

"Oh, sometimes one, sometimes another. At home I always go to the Church of the Friendly Heart. It's in the City of Is-To-Be."

"Well," said Query, "I never heard of that city before, and I've studied geography, too."

"I'm not surprised," replied the Wise-and-Wonder-Man. "It used to be called by another name, the City of As-It-Is. But you see, they changed the name because the city changed."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, it's quite a long story. Rub the sleep out of your eyes, and I'll tell you about it."

Then Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man began:

The City of Is-To-Be was like most

cities of its size. It was no better, no worse. Part of it was built on a beautiful hill. There were large, fine houses, shady lawns, gay flowers, clean, broad streets, bordered by trees. Part of the city was in the valley. The houses in the valley were small and crowded close together. Tall chimneys of the factories stained them with smoke and dropped cinders upon them. There were no lawns, no flowers, no trees. The streets were narrow.

There were white people and black people, native people and foreign people, happy people and sad people, the same as you will find in any city. Nobody ever sang about the city of As-It-Is. They had no city song. For there were so many people too poor, too weary, too lonely, or too unhappy to sing.

People came and people went, and nobody took much notice. But there came a time when there was no little excitement over the prospect of a newcomer to town.

One day workmen began to build a house halfway between the hill where the rich people lived and the valley where the poor

people lived. It was such an attractive and wonderful house that people talked much about it and about the man who was coming to live in it. From time to time they gathered in little groups and discussed the stranger.

"They say he comes from a Distant Land," said one.

"And a land with strange customs, I hear," said another.

"They say he is very wealthy."

"And very generous, what's more!"

"And very noble and kind, I am told."

As the time drew near when the house should be finished, and the stranger should arrive in town, people talked more and more about the wonderful man who was coming from the strange Distant Land to live with them. They could hardly wait to see him.

"What's his name? Does anybody know?" they asked.

"Mr. Friend-o'-Man, I believe," said one, "I heard somebody call him that."

"It's a strange name, isn't it? I wonder how he came to have it?"

"They say he is a great churchman."

Then, as the group would break up, each one would say to himself, "I hope he will go to *our* church."

At length the day came when the word went around among the excited people: "The stranger has come! Mr. Friend-o'-Man has come!"

People in large numbers walked past the house to see for themselves if it were really true. Sure enough, there he was! Indeed, they were all there, Mr. Friend-o'-Man, Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, and all the little Friend-o'-Mans. A reporter from the city newspaper came to talk with him and ask him questions. He found a tall, fair, handsome gentleman, simple in dress and distinguished in manner. He made one think of King Arthur's days. He had clear, kindly eyes, and from time to time he put on a pair of beautiful glasses which he drew from his pocket.

"I hope you will like our city," said the reporter.

"I expect to do so," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I suppose things here are quite different from what they are in the country from which you have come."

"Quite different; yes, quite different."

Many other questions the reporter asked, to which Mr. Friend-o'-Man gave the best replies he could.

"By the way," said the reporter as he rose to go, "to-morrow is Sunday. I suppose you are planning to attend some church in our city?"

"Of course I am planning to," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"May I ask which one?"

"The finest church in town."

"Which one may that be, may I ask? Which denomination?"

"What do you mean by denomination? I am afraid I do not understand."

"Oh, the Presbygational, or the Episcodist, or the Baptarian. We have several kinds."

"I do not know, I am sure, to which denomination the church belongs. It is the Church of the Friendly Heart. I heard in my distant home that it is:

THE FINEST CHURCH IN TOWN[1]

The walls are built of friendly stones,
The friendliest to be had;
The pews are built of friendly wood,
To make the stranger glad.

The aisles are made, the carpets laid,
For poor men's feet to tread;
The high and lowly, side by side,
Together bow the head.

The doors swing in, to lightest touch
Of the humblest of the land;
The doors swing out, to let them pass
To give a helping hand.

The sinful call it "home" and "friend,"
A friend to take their part.
'Tis called the finest church in town,
The Church of the Friendly Heart.

"I do not know that church," said the reporter.

"I do not myself know which one it is," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "but to-morrow I shall start out to find it."

"Good afternoon," said the reporter;

[1] This may be sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

"if there is ever anything I can do for you, please let me know."

When the newspaper was printed that evening, everybody could read in big headlines:

MR. FRIEND-O'-MAN ARRIVES

A STRANGER FROM A STRANGE COUNTRY

HE IS PLEASED WITH THE TOWN

WILL ATTEND THE FINEST CHURCH IN TOWN

There was great excitement in every church circle. "I wonder," said many a person in the city, "if he will attend *our* church. I am sure I hope so."

Next morning, at the proper hour, Mr. Friend-o'-Man set out to discover the church he was looking for. He addressed a man in a grand carriage.

"I am a stranger here, sir. Can you tell me which is the finest church in town?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the man gravely. "It is the Beautiful Church on the Hill.

The best people in town go there. *We* attend that church. I am sure you will like it."

He gave very careful directions for finding it, and in a few minutes Mr. Friend-o'-Man arrived at the Beautiful Church on the Hill. As he stepped inside, the ushers looked at him inquiringly. He was well-dressed, of course, and of distinguished bearing. Some of them wondered whether it might be the famous stranger, but no one was sure.

"Which is your pew, please?" asked the usher, politely.

"I have no pew. I am a stranger."

"Stand here a while, please," said the usher, in a business-like voice, "and I'll see what I can do for you."

Some minutes later, the usher beckoned to him and led him down the aisle. They stopped at a pew in which two persons were already seated. For a moment they did not move. Then they moved just enough to let the stranger pass. But it was plain that they were annoyed and did not wish to make him welcome.

Soon the service began. It was very beautiful, like the beautiful church, but Mr. Friend-o'-Man was not happy. He was too noble and proud a man, of course, to have his feelings hurt; but while they sang a hymn, he could not help thinking of the lines:

> The walls are built of friendly stones,
> The friendliest to be had;
> The pews are built of friendly wood,
> To make the stranger glad.

"These pews," thought he, "are surely not made of very friendly wood. This cannot be the finest church in town."

Next Sunday morning came, and Mr. Friend-o'-Man, clad in his best, once more started for church. He had not gone far before he met a well-dressed man, and said to him, "I am a stranger, sir. Can you tell me which is the finest church in town?"

"Most certainly," replied the man. "It is the Big Church at the Center. The finest people in the city go there. *I* go there. I shall be glad to show you the way."

Very soon Mr. Friend-o'-Man found him-

self at the door of the Big Church. It had beautiful walls, fine windows, attractive pews. A friendly usher led him down the aisle to a pew where friendly people welcomed him. The service was helpful, and Mr. Friend-o'-Man thought he had certainly found the finest church in town.

But he wanted to make one more trial. So, a week later, instead of clothing himself in his best, he clothed himself in his worst. He even borrowed some clothes from a workman.

When he reached the Big Church at the Center, the ushers did not recognize him. They bowed rather stiffly, and one of them waved his hand toward a seat. Mr. Friend-o'-Man started down the aisle to the seat he had occupied the Sunday before, when an usher plucked his sleeve and showed him to a pew at one side, where sat several other men who were poorly clad. The service was good, but all the while Mr. Friend-o'-Man kept thinking,

> "The aisles are made, the carpets laid,
> For poor men's feet to tread."

"These aisles," he thought, "were surely not made for poor men's feet to tread."

Mr. Friend-o'-Man was sad as he walked home, for he knew that he had not found the finest church in town.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Friend-o'-Man started out again to find his church. This time he went dressed as he was the week before,—rough shoes, baggy trousers, shiny coat, frayed collar, and a hat with a wrinkled band. As he walked along unnoticed, he met a man who was simply clad.

"Can you tell me, sir," he asked, "which is the finest church in town?"

"Certainly," replied the man. "It is the Church in the Busy Street. Crowds of people go there. It is my church. I am going there now. Will you come along with me?"

Mr. Friend-o'-Man was soon at the church. The friendly ushers seemed as glad to see him as they were to see the best dressed men who came, and showed him to one of the best pews. When the service was over, people greeted him

kindly. Mr. Friend-o'-Man was very happy until he heard people talking about one of the members.

"It is shameful!" said one sharply.

"The idea of his coming to church and associating with Christian people, too," said another.

"To think that a man like him should be in a church!"

"He ought to be put out!"

"I should think his family would be so ashamed they would never show their faces."

It was clear that this member of the church had done something wrong. People were talking about it on every side, and there was not one word of pity or sorrow for the poor man who had done the wrong. Mr. Friend-o'-Man walked away thinking:

> "The sinful call it home and friend,
> A friend to take their part."

This church had friendly pews; it had aisles and carpets for poor men's feet to tread; but it certainly had no kind words for sinful folks.

He was almost discouraged, but he resolved to try once more. This time he did not wait for Sunday to come.

He went down in the valley where the poor people lived. He stopped a policeman on his beat.

"Can you tell me, Officer, which is the finest church in town?"

"Oh," replied the officer, "they all are good. It depends upon what kind of a church you want. As for myself, I think the Church Around the Corner is the finest church in town."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Well," said the policeman, "it is full of friendly folks. They always speak to me, and they are kind and helpful to those in trouble."

"What is the name of the church?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I don't know its real name; I call it the Church of the Friendly Heart."

A little farther on Mr. Friend-o'-Man stopped the postman.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "which is the finest church in town?"

"Oh, every man to his taste. As for me, I like the Church Around the Corner better than any other."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Well, sir, they are good folks who go there. Last winter, when the days were very cold, they often stopped me as I passed by, to offer me a bite to eat and something hot to drink."

"And what's the name of the church?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I'm sure I don't know the name, sir. I call it the Church of the Friendly Heart."

Mr. Friend-o'-Man spoke to the ashman just as he set a barrel down.

"Can you tell me which is the finest church in town?"

"I can; that is, I can tell you the one *I* call the best; it's the Church Around the Corner."

"Why do you call it the best?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Well, sir, they are folks with a heart who go there. They speak to me kindly and inquire about my family, and when

my wife was sick, last year, the fine ladies came to see her."

"What's the name of the church?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I don't know that, sir; I think it ought to be called the Church of the Friendly Heart."

Mr. Friend-o'-Man stopped and spoke to the gateman at the railroad crossing. After he had chatted a few minutes he asked: "What's the finest church you know around here?"

"The Church Around the Corner," replied the gateman promptly. "They train their children well there. They teach them to be kind and friendly to folks. When they come out of meeting, and start home this way, they never cross these tracks without shouting out to me, the whole lot of them, 'Good morning, Mr. Gateman!' Now I like that. *I* call it the Church of the Friendly Heart. That's *my* name for it."

On the next street Mr. Friend-o'-Man met a small boy. His clothes were patched but clean. "My boy," said Mr. Friend-o'-

Man, "can you tell me which is the finest church around here?"

"Sure" came the answer. "The Church Around the Corner; it's the best. I go there. We have a good time and lots of fun, and nobody looks at your clothes."

"What is the name of the church?"

"I don't know its real name, but my mother says it's the Church of the Friendly Heart. Do you know my mother?"

"No, my boy, I don't, but I should like to," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Well, she's sick."

"Where do you live?"

"I'll show you." He led the way through a cluttered doorway, up a flight of steps and along a dingy hall to a dreary room. It was very bare and it contained only a table, a stove, a few chairs, and a bed; and on the bed lay a woman, pale and thin.

"Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "but your boy brought me to see you."

"You're very kind, sir, and welcome. Have you come from the church? No? I

thought perhaps you had. You see, they are so kind and good to me over there. And they are good to my boy, too."

"And what have they done, may I ask?"

"Oh, everything. They have sent food for me and my children. They have helped take care of my baby. They have given me coal when I could not buy any; and when my husband did wrong, and was in trouble, and everybody blamed him, they were kind to him, spoke nice to him, and told him to try again. The children love the church, too."

"What church is it, please, that has been so kind to you?"

"It's the Church Around the Corner. I do not know what kind it is. I just call it the Church of the Friendly Heart. We poor folks, and folks in trouble, say it is the finest church in town. And you do not go there, then? From your friendly way I was almost sure that you came from the church."

"No," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "You see, I am a stranger in town."

Mr. Friend-o'-Man met many other folks

in the valley who told him about the good things done by the Church Around the Corner.

So, when the next Sunday came, he started straight for that Church Around the Corner. It was not beautiful, like the Church on the Hill; it was not so big as the Church in the Center, nor were there so many people attending it, but it was full of friendly folk. People with good clothes and poor clothes sat side by side. Nobody was haughty or unpleasant or spoke unkindly. Everybody was happy. At the close of the service, the people gathered in groups or classes, to discuss how they could make the city more beautiful and its people happier, friendlier, and more comfortable.

The children met for Sunday-school. They were orderly and happy. They sang as if they were having the time of their lives. They studied their lesson, and then came the time that they liked best, when they talked over plans to do some one a good turn. Before they went home they sang their Church Song.

CHURCH SONG

Tune—"Fair Harvard"

Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name
And tell of Thy wisdom and power.
Thy statutes are holy, Thy judgments are true,
Thy mercies are new every hour.
We worship Thee, Lord!
We worship Thee, Lord!
All glory and honor to Thee,
Thou Lord of the earth and all nations and tongues,
And our country, this Land of the Free.

Our Father in Heaven, we sing of Thy love,
We thank Thee for home and Thy care,
For the beautiful things of this beautiful earth,
Of the land and the sea and the air.
We thank Thee, O God!
We thank Thee, O God!
We gratefully bring Thee our praise,
Thou Friend of the children, great Giver of all,
Creator of life's happy days.

Our Father in Heaven, we answer Thy call,
We bring Thee the strength of our youth;
We enlist in the fight for Thy Kingdom of Right,
As soldiers of God and the Truth.
We pledge Thee, O Lord!
We pledge Thee, O Lord!
Our hearts and our hands shall be Thine.
We will help those who need us, the poor and the weak,
And thus serve Thee, O Master Divine.

"I hope you will come again," said the minister to Mr. Friend-o'-Man, as he stopped to say good-by at the close of Sunday-school.

"I shall," replied Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "In fact, I shall come here all the time."

"And may I ask your name?"

"Certainly," said he. "My name is Friend-o'-Man, and next Sunday I shall bring with me Mrs. Friend-o'-Man and all the little Friend-o'-Mans."

Everybody at the church was greatly surprised to learn who the visitor was.

It soon became known throughout the city that Mr. Friend-o'-Man had chosen the Church of the Friendly Heart as the finest church in town. When it became known, many other people, of course, decided that they would go there too. Before a great while, no church was as famous as the Church of the Friendly Heart. It grew very rapidly, and in time it had to have a bigger, finer building.

The Wise-and-Wonder-Man paused.

"Is that all?" asked Query Queer.

"Yes, I think that's about all."

"How did the other churches like it?"

"Oh, of course, they were at first much disappointed and chagrined, but as time passed they were sure that Mr. Friend-o'-Man was right, and that the finest church was the one that helped the people most. After a time, the churches all became so friendly that it was hard to say which was the finest church in town."

"You say," said Query, "that all that happened in the City of As-It-Is?"

"That's what they used to call it, yes. Now it's the City of Is-To-Be, you remember. It has changed, as I told you, so they changed its name."

"Who changed the city?" asked Query.

"The churches and the people in them did the most of it."

"How did they do that?"

"Oh, that's a long story. I will have to tell you that some other day. Now I must be off to get home in time for church."

Query Queer heard a tinkling sound and opened his eyes. He never knew whether it was the silver bells of the Wise-and-Won-

der-Man that he heard, or the breakfast gong.

On the way to church that morning he asked, "Mother, is our church the finest church in town?"

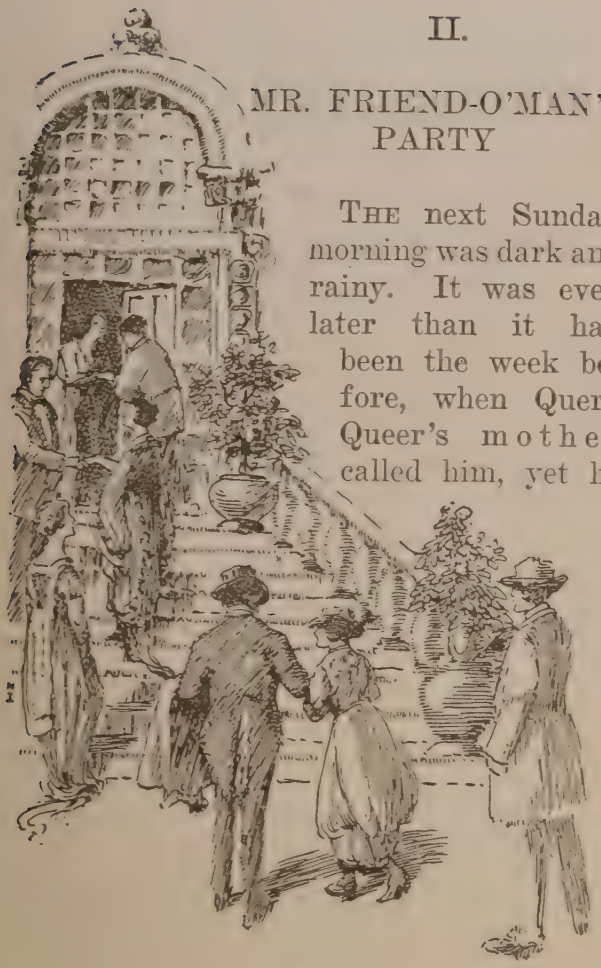
"Why, it's the biggest and handsomest."

"I don't meant that; but—but is it the church with a friendly heart, like one I heard about?"

"I hope so, Query."

II.

MR. FRIEND-O'MAN'S PARTY



THE next Sunday morning was dark and rainy. It was even later than it had been the week before, when Query Queer's mother called him, yet he

had a hard time to wake up. He stuck his fists into his eyes to push his eyelids up; then he heard a faint, ringing sound in his ears.

"Is that a fire or the breakfast bell?" he asked himself.

"Neither one," came the laughing answer.

Query looked out through the narrow crack between his eyelids. There sat his old friend, the Wise-and-Wonder-Man, dressed completely in green, close by his bed, on the chair on which Query's clothes were hung. At least, Query couldn't think of anybody else it might be, although he had never seen his friend dressed in such a beautiful suit.

"Don't you know me?" asked his green-clad visitor.

"Of course I do! But I never saw you with that suit on."

"Oh, this is just my green-leaf coat."

"Green-leaf coat?"

"Yes, my green-leaf rain-coat. Rain cannot get through a leaf, you know, so I have had this coat made of leaves."

"Where did you get that gray umbrella?" asked Query.

"Oh, that's only a big toadstool I picked up as I came along. It makes a fine roof for my head. But why aren't you up and ready for church?"

"Church! Why, it's raining! You don't go to church when it rains, do you?"

"Why not? You went to the party last night when it rained, didn't you? By the way, who was at the party?"

"Oh, all the best people. Boys and girls from the best families. That's what I heard a lady say. I asked why one of my friends was not there. She said his folks did not belong to the best people. I don't know what she meant. I think it's just because they live in a small house. Why do they call the rich people and those who live in big houses 'the best people?' "

"They don't, in my town, the City of Is-To-Be."

"Don't they?"

"They used to do so, but they have changed all that."

"Who changed it?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man and their friends."

"How did they do that?"

"Well, if you will promise to get up as soon as I am through, and not go to sleep while I am talking, I'll tell you."

With that the Wise-and-Wonder-Man threw back his green-leaf coat, leaned his gray umbrella against the bed, crossed his legs and began:

As I told you, when Mr. Friend-o'-Man came to the city of As-It-Is, everybody was curious to see him and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man. The people called and left their cards, and gave the Friend-o'-Mans many invitations to dinners and parties and balls.

After a while a lady remarked to Mrs. Friend-o'-Man that she supposed they would have a house-warming and give a grand party. Mrs. Friend-o'-Man said she thought it would be delightful.

That very night she consulted her husband. It was agreed that they should have a house-warming and give a grand party. But they did not know just how to pro-

ceed. The city was still strange to them, the people were strange, and many of the customs were strange. They decided that they must have some one to advise and help them. So they engaged a social secretary. Her name was Miss Just-the-Thing. She had lived in the city all her life and knew all the people and just what to do. Mr. Friend-o'-Man told her they wanted to open their house and give a great party to as many of the best people as their house would hold, to all of which the secretary replied, "Very nice; that would be just the thing!"

"But whom shall we invite?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Oh, all the best people," said Miss Just-the-Thing.

"The best people?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "And who are they?"

Ever since Mr. Friend-o'-Man had come to town he had frequently heard the words, "the best people." When the grocer called and asked for his trade, he said, "The best people trade with me." When the market-man came he said, "The best people buy

of me." When the president of the club invited them to join, he said, "The best people all belong." On the very first Sunday morning after Mr. Friend-o'-Man came to town he was told, you remember, that the "best people" went to the big, beautiful church on the hill. Mr. Friend-o'-Man had never made out how they decided who the best people were, so that was why he asked Miss Just-the-Thing, "The best people? Who are they?"

"Why," she replied, *"the best people,* the people who are always invited to such things. I cannot exactly say who they are, or tell all their names this minute, but I will make a list of them.

"There are Mr. and Mrs. Money-Maker, and Mr. Have-Much and his wife, Mr. Fortunate and his wife, Mr. Ad. Vantage and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Well-Born, Mr. and Mrs. Big-House, Mr. and Mrs. White-Hands; then there's Mrs. Up-to-Date and her husband, Mrs. Late-Style and her husband, and Mrs. Many-Servants, Miss High-Brow,"—Miss Just-the-Thing paused.

"Then," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "there

are Mr. and Mrs. Good-Neighbor across the way. They are very fine people, and we shall, of course, invite them."

"Oh, no!" said the secretary. "They are good folks, no doubt, and kind neighbors, but they do not associate with our best people, as you will find out. I never saw them at one of our big affairs. I do not believe they would know how to act. As for Mrs. Good-Neighbor, you know, Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, there's no style about her."

"Then," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "there's Mr. Quick-Figure at the bank. He has been very kind to us."

"Impossible!" said Miss Just-the-Thing. "Why, he's only a clerk in Mr. Money-Maker's bank. I do not believe he has a dress suit to his name, and he lives in a little bit of a house."

"And there's Mr. Work-Hard," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man. " He's one of the best men I ever met."

"Mr. Work-Hard? the mason? You surely would not think of inviting a man whose hands are as rough as his! That

would never do. And his wife's hands are just as red as his are rough."

"Of course," said Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, "I should like to invite Mrs. Swift-Needle, the dressmaker, and Mrs. Good-Taste, the milliner. They are both kind, good women; among the best I know."

"But, my dear Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, Mrs. Swift-Needle makes all Mrs. Late-Style's dresses and Mrs. Good-Taste trims all Mrs. Up-to-Date's hats! They may be good people and kind people and all that, but, in our city, we do not call them 'the best people.' Mrs. Late-Style and Mrs. Up-to-Date would never expect to meet them at any party which *they* attended."

"Then, there's Miss Bright-Mind," said Mrs. Friend-o'-Man.

"But Miss Bright-Mind is only a governess. Mrs. Many-Servants would be quite shocked to find her here."

"Well, anyway," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "there are Dr. and Mrs. Great-Heart. They are doing a wonderful work for the poor people of the city."

"Yes, they are doing a noble work, and

we all honor them, but they live in the valley. No valley folks, you know, are in the best circles."

By this time Mr. Friend-o'-Man began to see whom they meant when they spoke of "the best people." It was the people with big houses, and much money, and beautiful clothes, and great advantages; people who did not work with their hands or who did not work at all. How good or wise or courteous or kind or brave or unselfish they were had nothing to do with it. He was greatly surprised and grieved.

"This is not the way things are in the country where I came from," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "I am quite sure I would not enjoy a party like that. I want the very best people there are at our party."

"But how will you set about finding them?" asked Miss Just-the-Thing.

That was just the question.

Mr. Friend-o'-Man thought and thought. Finally, his face lighted. He had an idea that he thought might work. He sent for the newspaper reporter, who came promptly.

"When you called," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "you were good enough to say that you would be glad to help me at any time, did you not?"

"Certainly," said the reporter. "I am glad you remember. What can I do for you?"

"I want to find out who are the very best people in this town; not those who go to your best parties and are *called* your best people, but those who really are *the best.* How would a newspaper contest do?"

"Fine!" said the reporter. "How shall we manage it?"

They at once agreed upon a plan that seemed very fair indeed. They called it the "Who's Who Contest."

There was much wonderment as to why the paper was conducting this contest. Many people said it was just by way of advertising; other people smiled at it, yet everybody was interested.

On an appointed day, the city newspaper contained, in a corner of the first page, the following verses, with space for the signing of names, and full directions for voting.

Here are the verses:

WHO'S WHO IN AS-IT-IS?

This newspaper would like
to know
Who are the best and most useful
citizens in the city.

Everybody think and everybody vote!

Who are the noblest folks you know,
Men and women, high and low?
Who are the pleasantest people you meet,
Who scatter sunshine along the street?

Who are the honestest folks in their work?
Faithful to duty and never shirk?
Who are the bravest people in town,
Who smile and laugh their troubles down?

Who are the folks of kindest heart,
You meet in the club or in the mart?
Who are the finest folks there be,
In love and generosity?

Of all the city's varied host,
Who are the ones you'd miss the most?
Who are the Who-est Who's you know?
Write their names on the lines below.

Some wanted to vote for themselves, but as each one had to sign his name, no one dared to do that. But Mr. Up-to-Date voted for Mrs. Up-To-Date, and Mrs. Up-to-Date voted for Mr. Up-to-Date. Mrs. Have-Much said she would vote for Mrs. Fortunate if Mrs. Fortunate would vote for her. Mr. Well-Born and his friends voted almost entirely for those persons who were in "their set."

But most people voted honestly. It was very interesting to read the lists as they came in. Mrs. Money-Maker said she just *must* vote for Mrs. Good-Neighbor, she had been so good to her boy, and Mr. Money-Maker said he was going to put down the name of Mr. Quick-Figure, for nobody else would vote for him, and he was a really good fellow. Mr. Big-House said the mason ought to have a vote, for he built him so good a house. Mrs. Late-Style wrote down the name of Mrs. Swift-Needle, because she was "such a good soul!" When Mrs. Up-to-Date got down to the last line she said, "I am going to vote for Mrs. Good-Taste, and I shall tell her so."

There were stacks and stacks of votes. Thousands of persons received at least one vote. And hundreds of persons received many votes.

People were eager to know who had received the most votes, of course,—especially those who belonged to the "best people." But all the newspaper would say was that, on the proper occasion, in the near future, the result would be announced.

The next week the paper contained an item that made everybody on the hill almost forget the contest. It said that Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, "our distinguished newcomers," were soon to give a great reception to the four hundred best people of the city. Invitations were soon to be issued. It would be a most unusual and wonderful event. Nothing of the kind had ever been known in the history of the city.

Such excitement as there was in the houses on the hill! Mrs. Have-Much and Mrs. Big-House hurried to the jeweler's, one for a diamond brooch and the other for a new string of pearls. Mrs. Dress-Well and Miss High-Brow ordered new

gowns to be made at once. Mrs. Green-Lawn ordered a new fur wrap, and Mrs. Money-Maker ordered new livery for her chauffeur. For although they had not yet received invitations, they had no doubt that they would receive them. For many years there had been no party for the best people of the city to which they had not been invited.

As the days passed and no invitations arrived, people began to wonder when the party was to be, and who would be there.

"I am dying to know!" said Mrs. Up-to-Date one afternoon to her friend Mrs. Late-Style.

That very evening the paper contained this item: "Invitations have been issued to-day by Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man for a reception in their new home. The city's four hundred best people are invited."

What a ringing of telephones there was in certain houses that evening!

"Have you received your invitation?"

"No, not yet."

"It will probably come in the morning. Mails are terribly slow these days."

"Oh, *of course* you will be invited! They couldn't have a party without you."

What a ringing of telephones there was in certain houses the next morning, after the postman had made his rounds and still there were no invitations.

"I am sure it is very strange," said one. "Why, I can't understand it at all. And the party is to be so soon, too."

What a ringing of telephones there was in certain houses for several days, as the day of the party approached and no invitations arrived.

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard!" said Mrs. Money-Maker. "I cannot understand it at all."

"I do not know a dozen people who have been invited," said Mrs. Dress-Well, "and most of those who are invited are people I have never spoken to in my life."

"It's outrageous!" said Mrs. Well-Born. "Evidently, it's a plan to slight us. They'll find out who owns this town."

"I think the invitations got lost in the mail," said Mrs. Many-Servants. "That's the only way I can explain it."

"Well, it's a mystery to *me*," said Miss High-Brow.

"It's a very great mystery to *me*," said Mrs. Fortunate, "and I cannot solve it."

It was a mystery, surely, but in time it cleared. On the evening of the party the paper explained it. There was an article on the first page entitled:

WHO'S WHO IN AS-IT-IS!

RESULTS OF OUR UNIQUE VOTING CONTEST

Citizens themselves select four hundred best people. Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man invite to their party to-night those selected in the contest.

Full list to be published to-morrow.

Then came the party. And what a party it was! Nearly all the four hundred named in the contest were there. Some had dress suits and some had not. Some had evening gowns and some had not. Every one had on his best and his best was good enough. Everybody was friendly

and kind, and so everybody was happy. They had music and games, ice cream and cake and many other delicious things. The finest people were there, and the pleasantest people, the most faithful people, and the bravest people, and the kindest people. Some lived on the hill and some lived in the valley, and some, like Mr. Friend-o'-Man, lived in between. Mr. and Mrs. Good-Neighbor were there, Mr. and Mrs. Quick-Figure were there, Mr. and Mrs. Work-Hard, also Mr. and Mrs. B. Honest, Mrs. Swift-Needle, Mrs. Good-Taste, Miss Bright-Mind, Dr. and Mrs. Great-Heart. Then there was Mr. Punch-It, the friendly conductor; Mrs. How-Do-You-Do, who lived in a fine house; Mrs. Bake-Well from the bakery; Mrs. Put-It-Out, the fireman's widow; and a lot of people from the Church of the Friendly Heart. Oh, I cannot begin to tell the names of all who were there. They were all published in the paper next day, of course, when a full account of the party was given. The newspaper called it a very *democratic* party.

Of course, there was great indignation

among the people who lived on the hill who had not been invited. They said many horrid things about Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man. But when they found out how the guests were chosen, and that they themselves had really helped to select them, they could not, of course, blame Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man, and their indignation changed to great disappointment.

The party was so successful, and everybody was so glad to honor those who had been chosen as the really best people of the city, that many similar parties were given. Friends of Mr. Friend-o'-Man in the Church of the Friendly Heart gave parties for them. Other people gave parties for them, and soon it was quite the style to do what Mr. and Mrs. Friend-o'-Man had done.

Before long the term "the best people" came to have a new meaning in the city. It no longer meant the people who had the most money or the best clothes or the biggest houses or the most servants or the greatest advantages. It meant those who were the best in character.

"And that's what it means to-day in the City of Is-To-Be," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man, as he reached for his umbrella and buttoned up his green-leaf rain coat.

"Don't go yet," said Query.

"I must go or I shall be late to church. Besides, here comes your mother." There was a faint *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink,* and he was out of the window and away.

"Yes, Mother," said Query, jumping out of bed a few minutes afterward, "I was just getting up. I must hurry to get ready for church."

"Mother," said Query a little later, as they sat at the breakfast table, "why do they call the people with lots of money and things 'the best people?' "

"I am sure I do not know, my son."

"Nor I," said Query.

III

THE MAGIC GLASSES

It was Sunday afternoon. The rays of the warm yellow October sun fought their way through the long-ribbed leaves of the big chestnut tree and fell on the head of Query Queer, as he half-sat, half-lay against its shaggy trunk. He had been picking up nuts and now was looking wonderingly at a great bur which he held with care in his fingers.

"Isn't it queer," he mused, "that such a rough bur—Ouch! It's sharp!" That instant he heard a thud and a tinkle and a bit of jolly laughter.

"Good afternoon, Query."

"Why, good afternoon, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man. Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I just fell down in this big chestnut bur. I hid in it, so you wouldn't see me.

I guess I was too heavy and it fell down. What were you wondering about just now when you pricked your fingers?"

"I was only thinking how queer it was that such a rough bur should have inside of it such a smooth, shiny nut."

"Yes," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man, "and that such a dark brown nut should have such a white kernel."

"I know it," said Query. "Funny, isn't it?"

"No funnier, I suppose, than that people who wear rough clothes have smooth skins under them and those who have dark skins often have white souls. What have you been doing, Query?"

"I have been gathering nuts this afternoon. I was at Sunday-school this morning."

"I hope you like Sunday-school."

"Oh, yes! We have a dandy teacher. He gives us a chance to talk things over and tell what we think about them. To-day we were studying about Philip and the Ethiopian and about people of different colors. I suppose you have colored people

in the country you come from,—black people, brown people, yellow people?"

"Oh, yes! And blue people, and green people, and red people."

"Why, how funny they must look!" interrupted Query.

"Oh, not funny at all. You have to look sharp to see the color and you must have on just the right glasses—this kind," and the Wise-and-Wonder-Man put on his nose the most beautiful pair of glasses that Query Queer had ever seen. The glasses looked clearer than glass and the rims more golden than gold.

"Those are beautiful glasses," said Query Queer. "Does everybody in your city wear that kind?"

"Almost everybody, now. They didn't wear them a few years ago. They used to wear other kinds. I have here a pair of the old ones such as some folks used to wear. Put them on."

"Why, how coarse and ugly they make you look!" said Query. "Your face is as rough as a thimble and as red as a tomato, and your hair looks like hay!"

"Exactly; they are called the Critical Magnifying Glasses. They show you everybody's faults and make the faults look very big. If you wear them, they make everybody look bad and coarse and unpleasant. Here's a pair of another kind. Just put these on a moment."

"Why, how small you look!" exclaimed Query. "No larger than Tom Thumb; and your face is about as big as this chestnut bur."

"Quite right. Those are what we call Scornful Telescope Glasses. You see they work like a telescope, if you look through the wrong end. They make everybody you look at seem small and mean and about as big as a peanut. Now, just put *this* pair on for a minute," he continued, as he took the glasses from his nose and put them on Query's nose.

"Why, how beautiful!" exclaimed Query. "They make everything look so bright and clear. What kind of glasses do you call these?"

"The Magic Insight Glasses."

"Insight Glasses?" echoed Query.

"Yes, because with them you can see certain qualities that are in people,—qualities that do not show at all on the outside. They are like the x-ray."

"They're wonderful glasses. Who invented them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but Mr. Friend-o'-Man brought to our city the first pair that we had ever seen. They were the kind he wore. You remember I told you he sometimes wore a wonderful pair of glasses. Did I ever tell you about those magic glasses of his, and what they did? No? Well," said he, looking at a tiny watch on the back of his left wrist, "I have a few minutes. I'll tell you now."

Not so very long after Mr. Friend-o'-Man came to the City of As-It-Is, a city Roll of Honor was proposed. The idea was that all citizens who had performed notable services for the city or the country might have their names put on it. A few men were selected, and some of these were to be a committee to select those worthy of the honor. There were Mr.

Friend-o'-Man, Mr. Fair-Play, Mr. Think-Right, Mr. Whiteman—I have forgotten many of their names but it doesn't matter.

They met and talked and talked and talked about who should be chosen and how they should be chosen. At length, when many of the questions were quite settled and they were about to adjourn, some one said, "How about colored people? Shall we let them in?"

"Let them in!" exclaimed Mr. Whiteman. "Of course not; I shouldn't think of such a thing. Quite absurd and impossible! Only pure white folks should have their names on this roll and wear the badge of honor."

There was much discussion, and finally some one said: "I should like to hear what Mr. Friend-o'-Man thinks about this matter. He's a wise and just man whom we all trust, and, besides, he comes from another country. He has had experience and is quite unprejudiced."

"I think," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, after a moment, "that Mr. Whiteman is correct. No man who is colored should be

admitted. We want men who are white, *white all through,* and only white men. But is it not sometimes rather difficult to tell who is white and who is colored? We ought to see to it that we make no mistake."

"That's quite true," said Mr. Whiteman. "It would be disgraceful if some person who looks white but who is really colored should get in."

"I may say that I have a wonderful pair of glasses here," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, indicating his upper left vest-pocket, "such as are used in the country where I came from, by which we can make no mistake. They have marvelously penetrating power. Color, you know, is on the *inside* of the skin. It does not always show through. But with these glasses you can detect it. The glasses cannot be deceived."

It was decided that there should be a committee of three who should select those persons worthy to have their names put on the Roll of Honor. It was understood that the judges should take particular care that only white men should be chosen.

"I move," said Mr. Whiteman, "that Mr. Friend-o'-Man be made Chief Judge. He realizes the importance of this thing, and besides, he has the marvelous glasses."

So Mr. Friend-o'-Man was chosen Chief Judge. There were two others, Mr. Fair-Play and Mr. Think-Right. Mr. Whiteman was chosen as the Challenger. It was his duty to object if he thought any one whose name was proposed was not fit for the honor. There was also a Scribe who was to keep, in a book, the records of all whose names might be proposed.

On the appointed day the judges met. Mr. Friend-o'-Man sat at the head of the big table. Mr. Fair-Play sat on one side, Mr. Think-Right on the other. At the farther end of the table sat Mr. Whiteman, the Challenger, and near him the Scribe with a big book containing the names of citizens and their records.

The Chief Judge rapped for order. "We are here to-day, as you know, to choose those whose names are to be put on the Roll of Honor of our great city. Are there any names to be proposed?"

"Your Honor," said a man rising and approaching the table, "I propose the name of Mr. Good-Neighbor. He is an old resident of our city and has done much to make it beautiful."

"Mr. Good-Neighbor, will you kindly step forward?" said Mr. Friend-o'-Man. Whereat Mr. Good-Neighbor took his place before the judges.

"Mr. Scribe, have you the record?"

"I have, sir. His record is one of distinguished service. There is nothing against him."

"Mr. Whiteman," asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man inquiringly of the Challenger, "have you any question or objection?"

"I have no question or objection, sir," replied Mr. Whiteman.

The judges conferred a moment and then Mr. Good-Neighbor's name was placed on the Roll.

"Next," announced the Chairman, as the Chief Judge was sometimes called.

"Your Honor," said a distinguished looking man, "I propose the name of our great and good citizen and soldier, General

Victor. His services in the late war are familiar to you all."

General Victor, erect and dignified, stepped forward.

"Mr. Scribe," asked the Judge with a nod, "what is his record?"

"His record is, of course, one of distinguished service to his country."

"Mr. Whiteman," asked the Judge, "have you any objection?"

"Certainly there can be no objection or question," he replied.

General Victor was, of course, quickly chosen to have his name placed on the Roll.

"Next!" said the Chief Judge.

"Your Honor," said the next speaker, "I propose the name of Captain Blackman. You all have heard of his record in the war. He has, as you all see, a medal for unusual bravery. He has brought honor to our army and nation."

As his name was called, Captain Blackman stepped forward. He was a Negro. The Distinguished Service Medal hung on his left breast. His left coat-sleeve was empty.

"Mr. Scribe," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "have you the record?"

"I have, sir. It is a record of honorable service and of distinguished bravery. He lost his arm in the war, as you see."

"Mr. Whiteman?" said the Judge.

"I object," said Mr. Whiteman emphatically. "I challenge him."

It had been agreed that if any one were challenged, he should be asked to remain until all the names had been considered. Accordingly, Captain Blackman took his place on a seat indicated by the judge.

"Next," said the Chairman.

"Your Honor," said a well-known man, "I propose the name of Mr. Nippon. He has long been a successful merchant among us. He has given generously to all good causes. He has been a noble friend to the poor."

Mr. Nippon stepped forward. He was short and dark, with jet black hair and a serious but pleasant face.

"Mr. Scribe?" said the Chairman, nodding toward the end of the table.

"I have his record, sir. It is one of

long, honorable, and distinguished public service."

"Mr. Whiteman?" inquired the Chairman.

"I challenge him!" said Mr. Whiteman without delay.

Mr. Nippon took his seat beside Captain Blackman.

"Next!" said the Chairman.

"Your Honor," said the next speaker, "I have the pleasure of presenting the name of Mr. Wong. He came to this country a poor lad, many years ago. He now, as you know, is at the head of our great Laundry Works, and is a good citizen. His son was killed fighting for our country."

Mr. Wong stepped forward. He was a slight man, rather pale, and his eyes were a bit slanting.

"Mr. Scribe," said the Judge, "is his name in the books?"

"It is, your Honor. The record is that of a noble and honorable citizen."

"Mr. Whiteman, have you any objection?"

"I have, sir," said Mr. Whiteman, "I

challenge him." At which Mr. Wong took a seat beside Captain Blackman and Mr. Nippon.

Many other persons whose names I have now forgotten were proposed, and as they were not challenged they were chosen. They had their names put on the great Roll of Honor.

"And now," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "we shall consider the names of those who have been challenged. First, Captain Blackman. Mr. Whiteman, will you kindly state the reason for your objection?"

"I object to him," said Mr. Whiteman, "because of his race. He is a Negro."

"And Mr. Nippon?"

"I object to him because of his race. He is a Japanese."

"And Mr. Wong?"

"For the same reason I object to him; a matter of race; he is a Chinaman."

"Have you any other objections to these men, Mr. Challenger? Good words have been spoken of them, and the records show that they are brave, honorable, and useful men, and have served our city well."

"Your Honor, I have no other objection, but I consider the objection stated as quite sufficient. Their records may be good, but they are not enough to give them a place on our Roll. That Roll is for white men only. These men are colored, every one of them, and, as you will recall, no colored man can have his name on the Roll."

"Colored?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "These men *colored,* you say. What color, pray?" and taking out his glasses he put them on and looked at the men before him.

"Yes, colored, as everybody can see," said Mr. Whiteman. "One is black, one is brown, and one is yellow."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Whiteman," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"Mistaken!" echoed Mr. Whiteman. "Why, anybody with half an eye can see that they are colored."

"Well, perhaps with half an eye one might," said the Chairman with a twinkle, "but not with two eyes and these glasses of mine. These men are white, these glasses show, every one of them. Color,

you know, is on the inside, as we agreed a while ago. It is not always easy to detect it. But, as I told you, these magic glasses are wonderful. They make no mistakes, and these glasses show clearly that whatever their outside color may be, these men are white inside.

"Mr. Fair-Play, put these glasses on and tell us what you see."

Mr. Fair-Play put the glasses on and looked at the men closely. "They are white," he replied. Mr. Fair-Play was a man of few words.

"Mr. Think-Right, put these glasses on, please."

"They are certainly white," said Mr. Think-Right, as he handed the glasses back to Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "white as any man I have seen here to-day."

"Then," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "it seems to me these men ought to have their names put on the list of distinguished and useful citizens."

Whereupon Mr. Whiteman rose from his seat, quite excited and angry.

"Mr. Chairman and judges, I protest!

It is an insult to white men and altogether ridiculous to treat a colored man, a 'Jap' and a 'Chink' as if they were the same as ourselves. I think they ought to be kept where they belong. I say, 'Down with them!' I don't want my name written side by side with one of their names. For my part, I shall vote against them." And he sat down, his scowling face dark as a thunder cloud.

"No, Mr. Whiteman," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "I don't think you will."

While Mr. Whiteman had been speaking, Mr. Friend-o'-Man had been looking at him steadily through the magic glasses. He looked first astonished and then grieved. It was something that he saw which made him say,

"No, Mr. Whiteman, I do not think you will vote against them. The fact is, I regret to say, that you will not be permitted to vote at all."

"Not vote? Why not?" demanded Mr. Whiteman angrily.

"Because," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, sorrowfully, "you are a colored man."

"A *colored* man?" gasped Mr. Whiteman, "why, my skin is as white as yours."

"Yes, your skin looks white, but my glasses show that you are colored inside. There is nothing to do, according to our rule, but to take your name from the list. My fellow-judges, I am sure, will agree."

And agree they did.

So Captain Blackman, Mr. Nippon and Mr. Wong had their names put on the great Roll, because they were white; and the name of Mr. Whiteman was taken off, because he was colored.

When the Roll of Honor was entirely complete, it had on it the names of many whose skin was black, or brown, or yellow, but all were white folks inside. Their souls were white.

So it came about in the City of Is-To-Be that the term "colored man" came to mean one who was colored inside.

The Wise-and-Wonder-Man paused and looked once more at the little watch on the back of his left wrist. "It's late and I must go. My air-ship will soon be here."

"Is that all you can tell me to-day?" asked Query Queer.

"About all there is to *that* story."

"What color was Mr. Whiteman on the inside?" asked Query.

"Black. His heart was full of hate. He was not just, or fair, or brotherly."

"Were there any other men who had white skins and were colored inside, so that they could not be chosen?"

"Oh, yes, there were some whose minds and speech were not pure; they were colored brown inside, brown as mud. There were some who were violent and cruel; they were red inside, red as a hot coal. And there were some who were cowards; they were yellow inside, yellow as mustard. And there were some who were mean and jealous and envious, and they were green inside, green as a cat's eye."

"It must be wonderful," said Query Queer, "to see folks' really-truly inside color."

"It is," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man.

"I wish I had a pair of those Magic Insight Glasses. Where can I get a pair?"

"Make them," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man.

"*Make* them?" echoed Query Queer.

"Yes, make a pair."

One glass is made of right Good Will,
The other of Fair Play;
The rim is but the Golden Rule,
Go make a pair. Good-Day!

IV

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

QUERY QUEER sat on the front steps in the soft morning light, his chin resting on his right hand and his right elbow resting on his right knee. A book lay open on his lap but he was not reading it. He was looking out dreamily at the fine lawns, big trees, and gay gardens across the street.

"I wonder where the Wise-and-Wonder-Man is?" he thought to himself. "I haven't seen him for a long time."

Tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink!

"I'll give you one guess," said a laughing voice, as a merry little creature in blue plumped himself down by Query's side, to the gentle jingle of bells.

"Why, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, I was just thinking about you, and here you are!"

"Of course; whenever you think of any

person, you bring that person near, you know."

"You certainly did surprise me," said Query.

"Yes, I like surprises, don't you? What were you thinking about just now? Something pleasant, I am sure."

"Oh, I was just thinking what a nice neighborhood this is, with its trees and grass and gardens and nice houses. How glad I am that I live in it and not in the other neighborhood down by the railroad! They say this is the best neighborhood in town. I suppose you live in the best neighborhood in Is-To-Be."

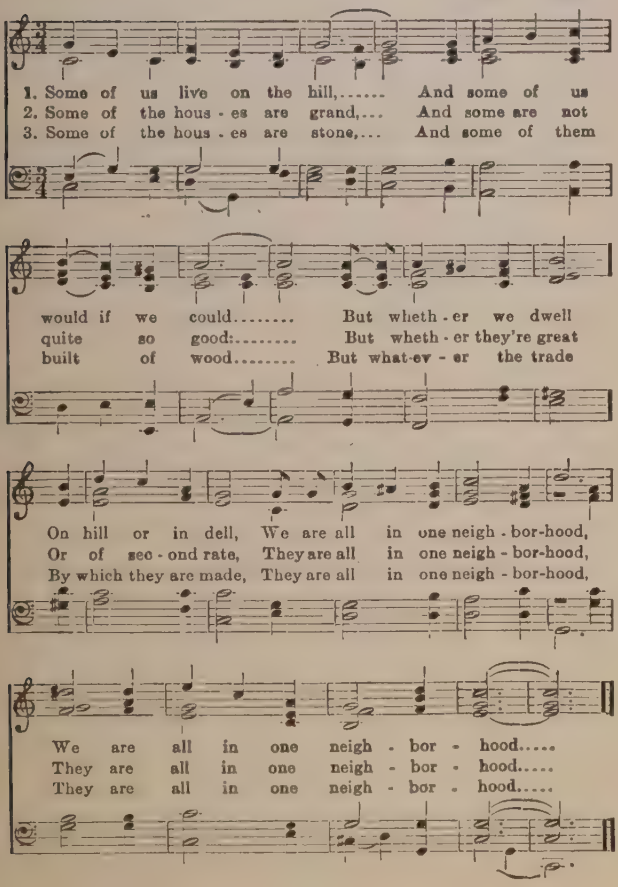
"I live in the only neighborhood there is. We have only one neighborhood."

"Why, you have the hill and the valley and in between."

"I know, but it's all one neighborhood. We have a song about that. You know that, in the old city, before they changed the name, we used to have two neighborhoods, and the people in one had nothing to do with the people in the other; but now that's all changed."

Our Neighborhood

CARL F. PRICE


1. Some of us live on the hill,..... And some of us
would if we could..... But wheth - er we dwell
On hill or in dell, We are all in one neigh - bor-hood,
We are all in one neigh - bor - hood.....
2. Some of the hous - es are grand,... And some are not
quite so good:..... But wheth - er they're great
Or of sec - ond rate, They are all in one neigh - bor-hood,
They are all in one neigh - bor - hood.....
3. Some of the hous - es are stone,... And some of them
built of wood..... But what-ev - er the trade
By which they are made, They are all in one neigh - bor-hood,
They are all in one neigh - bor - hood.....

"What changed the neighborhood?" asked Query.

"Oh, lots of things happened to change it. Mr. Friend-o'-Man helped. I see you don't know the story. I think I shall have time to tell it before you go to church."

So saying, he crossed his legs, held one knee in his clasped hands, and began.

Mr. Friend-o'-Man, as you understand by now, was interested in all kinds of folks. He spent much time in the valley and became a friend of the people who lived there. He watched the boys; he saw that they had no playground, so they played in the streets; they had no green front yards or parks, so they played in the back yards and alleys. They had no library, so they borrowed or bought cheap books from one another. They had few good friends and many who were not good.

"This should not be," thought he. "We must give them playgrounds and parks and nice yards and good books and friends, or these boys will not be good. I must find some one to help. Now, there is that little

group of rich families who live on the hill. There are four of them. I will go to one of them. I will ask Mr. Care-Little, the banker."

So Mr. Friend-o'-Man went to Mr. Care-Little, the banker. He found him seated at his beautiful desk in his beautiful office.

"Good morning, Mr. Care-Little," said he. "My name is Friend-o'-Man."

"Yes, Mr. Friend-o'-Man, I have heard of you. What can I do for you?"

"I came to ask whether you would care to help your neighbors?"

"Help my neighbors? Why, of course. Which ones?"

"Some boys," replied Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "There is Tony Lorretto, and Abram Moskowitz, and a lot of them whose names I don't know."

"Tony Lorretto? Abram Moskowitz? I do not know them. Where do they live?"

"On Factory Street."

"Factory Street!" exclaimed Mr. Care-Little. "That's not in my neighborhood. These are not neighbors of mine."

"They need your help, Mr. Care-Little. They need playgrounds and green yards and books and friends. Won't you help them?"

"Not I!" said Mr. Care-Little. "Let their fathers and mothers look after them."

"But their fathers and mothers are poor, and some of them are ignorant."

"Then let the police do it. I will look after my boys and the things of my neighborhood. That's enough for me. Let Factory Street look after its own children. Good day, sir."

"Good day, Mr. Care-Little," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man. "But some day you will understand."

"Understand?" questioned Mr. Care-Little.

"Yes, you will understand."

Mr. Friend-o'-Man went into many homes in the valley. He found many sick people, among them some who had fever and who coughed. The houses were often damp and close and ill-smelling. The windows were shut tight and the rooms were crowded with many folks.

When Mr. Friend-o'-Man saw this he was distressed. "This must not be," he thought, "or many of them will get sick. We must teach these people how to care for the sick, to keep clean, to ventilate their houses and make them sweet. I must find some one to help me. Now there is Mr. Do-Little, the clubman. I will ask him."

So Mr. Friend-o'-Man went to see Mr. Do-Little, the clubman, whom he found in an easy chair at the club.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Do-Little," he said. "My name is Friend-o'-Man."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Friend-o'-Man. What can I do for you?"

"I came to see whether you would help your neighbors."

"Help my neighbors? Of course, if I can. Which neighbors need my help?"

"They live on Factory Street."

"Factory Street? Why, that's in the valley. Thank goodness, they are not my neighbors."

"But they need your help. There are many sick among them. Their homes are full of fever and coughing. We must teach

them to care for themselves, to keep clean, to ventilate their houses, and to make them sweet. You surely will help?"

"Not I!" said Mr. Do-Little. "Let them take care of themselves and their own houses. I will take care of mine. Good day, Mr. Friend-o'-Man, I am sorry to disappoint you."

"Good day, Mr. Do-Little. But some day you will understand."

"Understand?"

"Yes, you will understand."

As Mr. Friend-o'-Man walked through the valley, he saw that the gray, shabby houses were cheap and old and built of wood, and that many of them had no fire-escapes. When Mr. Friend-o'-Man saw this he was troubled. "This must not be," he thought. "Some day fire will break out; these houses will be burned and people will be burned, too. We must build new houses and they must have fire-escapes. I must find some one to help build new and better houses. There's Mr. Think-Little, the builder." So he went straight to Mr. Think-Little, the builder.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Mr. Think-Little, "and what can I do for you?"

"I came to see whether you would help your neighbors."

"My neighbors? Certainly; always ready. Which ones?"

"They live on Factory Street."

"Factory Street? They are not my neighbors. I moved out of that neighborhood years ago, I am happy to say. I live on the hill."

"I know," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "but these people on Factory Street need you. They need new houses, fire-escapes, and other things to make them safe. The houses they live in now are old and cheap. Some day they will burn down and people will be burned in them. Those houses are not fit to live in."

"Then let the people move out," said Mr. Think-Little.

"But where shall they go?"

"That's their own business, not yours or mine. We need not talk further, Mr. Friend-o'-Man. There is nothing that I can do. I will look after my own house

and make it safe. Let these people look after theirs. Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Think-Little. But some day you will understand."

"Understand?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, some day you will understand."

As Mr. Friend-o'-Man walked through the valley, he saw, as anybody could see, that the streets were not like those on the hill. There they were broad and shady and clean. Here, in the valley, they were narrow and hot and dirty. They were filled with dust and rubbish and flies. Mr. Friend-o'-Man was fearful. "This must not be," thought he, "or a pestilence will come in which many will sicken and die. We must make these streets broad and clean, like those on the hill. I must find some one to help. There's Mr. Know-Little, in the big house on the hill. I will ask him." So he went to see Mr. Know-Little in the big house.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Know-Little. "What can I do for you?"

"I came to see whether you would help your neighbors."

"Help my neighbors? Certainly. Which ones?"

"The folks on Factory Street."

"Factory Street? Down by the railroad and the lumber yard? You must be mistaken in your geography. That's not in this neighborhood, I am glad to say."

"But they need you, Mr. Know-Little. Their streets are narrow, hot, and dirty. We must make them clean and shady and broad, like these on the hill, or a pestilence will come and people will die."

"I am sorry to refuse you, Mr. Friend-o'-Man, but there's nothing I can do for you. It costs enough to help look after my own street. Let the people on Factory Street look after theirs. Good day, sir."

"Good day, Mr. Know-Little. But some day you will understand."

"Understand?"

"Yes, some day you will understand."

Some time after, perhaps a year and a day, the people of the city were startled to hear of a big, bold robbery. The city bank, Mr. Care-Little's bank, had been broken into, the safe had been opened, and thou-

sands of dollars stolen. The watchman had come upon the robbers just as they were finishing their job, but they got safely away. There were two of them, the watchman said.

The search for them was long. At last they were caught and brought to trial.

The clerk called their names. Tony Lorretto and Abram Moskowitz. They said they lived on Factory Street. Every one was surprised that they looked so young. They were quickly found guilty, of course. "Tony Lorretto and Abram Moskowitz," said the judge, "have you anything to say before sentence of the court is pronounced upon you?"

"Your Honor," said Tony, "only this. My father and mother died when I was a baby. I have had nobody to help me, like your rich boys. I never had a chance. Make it as easy as you can, Judge."

Mr. Care-Little, the banker, was there. And Mr. Friend-o'-Man was there. They went out of the court-room side by side and walked home together, for Mr. Care-Little had something to say.

"Mr. Friend-o'-Man," said Mr. Care-Little, "I think I understand."

"Understand what?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I understand why the boys in Factory Street are my neighbors; we must take care of them, or we all may suffer. Besides, they need our help and friendship. You may count on me and on my help, Mr. Friend-o'-Man."

Soon after the robbery of Mr. Care-Little's bank, Mr. Do-Little's only child was taken ill. The doctor said it was a fever and shook his head gravely when they asked him how she was and whether she would get well.

"How could she have caught the disease, Doctor?" asked Mr. Do-Little.

"We must find out, if possible," said the doctor. "Where has she been?"

"Nowhere," said Mrs. Do-Little, "except on this hill. We have watched her carefully."

"Have you a nurse-maid? Let me talk with her."

The maid was sent for.

"Where have you been, lately?" the doctor asked her.

"Nowhere, Doctor, except to my home."

"And where is that?"

"On Factory Street, in the little gray house."

The doctor and Mr. Do-Little went straight to the little gray house on Factory Street. They found it full of fever. It was close and ill-smelling. The mystery was solved.

It was a long fight, but one day the baby began to get better. That evening Mr. Friend-o'-Man called to inquire how she was. As he was about to go, Mr. Do-Little said, looking straight into Mr. Friend-o'-Man's eyes, "Sir, I think I understand now."

"Understand? Understand what?"

"I understand that the people on Factory Street are my neighbors. They need our help. We must teach them to keep well and care for their sick and their homes. You may count on me, Mr. Friend-o'-Man."

One night, not long after Mr. Do-Little's

baby got well, the fire-bells began to ring and the whistles began to blow and the engines clanged their way through the streets.

"Where is the fire?" asked everybody.

"On Factory Street," said one who knew.

The old wooden houses were burning. The firemen were powerless to control the flames. The fire leaped from house to house, from row to row, from block to block, from street to street. At last the factories caught fire at the foot of the hill. Mr. Think-Little's factory caught fire and was burned to the ground.

When the fire was at last checked, the city was a sad sight. Worse than that, people had been caught in the tenements where there were no fire-escapes. Some of them had been badly burned, some had leaped from windows, and many had been severely injured. Firemen and volunteers struggled to reach the imprisoned people who were cut off from safety by flames. One of these volunteers was Mr. Think-Little's son. He leaped from a house that

had no fire-escape and was taken to the hospital, dangerously injured.

After many months he recovered, though he was always lame. One day, as Mr. Think-Little, the builder, stood on the street corner, looking at the ruins of his factory, Mr. Friend-o'-Man came down the street.

"Good morning, Mr. Think-Little. I hope your son is better."

"Much better, thank you. And Mr. Friend-o'-Man," he said, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I understand now what you meant."

"Understand what?" asked Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I understand that Factory Street is in our neighborhood, and that, if these houses are not made safe, not one of our buildings is safe. Besides, it's not right that poor folks should not have houses that are just as safe as any on the hill. We must do something, Mr. Friend-o'-Man, and you can count on me to help."

Not long after the disastrous fire, the city newspapers announced that a plague

had appeared in a neighboring city. People were warned to clean up their streets and yards. But the warning came too late: the plague broke out on Factory Street. Many of the poor people died. The district was placed under quarantine. Nobody was allowed to go into the stricken street, or out of it. Then the people on the hill felt safe.

"Don't be frightened," said Mr. Know-Little. "our streets and yards are clean. If these foreigners on Factory Street had kept their streets clean, they would not have suffered. All that the people in this neighborhood need to do is to keep away from Factory Street, and keep the people of Factory Street away from us."

But Mr. Know-Little did not stop to think that the same wind which blew through Factory Street blew over the hill; and that, at that very moment, it was scattering seeds of the plague on their beautiful streets.

When the plague was finally over, there was sorrow in many a home on the hill, and deep sorrow in Mr. Know-Little's

house, for his only child had died of the plague.

A meeting was called to see what could be done to prevent the plague from ever returning to the city.

"One thing is clear to my mind," said Mr. Know-Little, and he looked straight at Mr. Friend-o'-Man as if he would understand: "The streets in the valley must be made as clean as those on the hill. We must make Factory Street just as healthy as Fountain Street. The city is all one neighborhood; what is bad for one is bad for all. I'm sorry for the people on Factory Street who have suffered so much. We have been to blame. Count on me to do my part from now on."

"So ever since," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man, "the city has been one neighborhood. The people on the hill helped Mr. Friend-o'-Man to help the others. Now they have clean, broad streets in the valley, shade trees, parks and gardens, and safe houses with fire-escapes. People have been taught to care for their homes and their

sick; and the boys and girls have libraries and reading-rooms and good moving-picture shows and playgrounds and good friends. Every street in the city of Is-To-Be is as healthful and beautiful as it can be made. Good-by, Query, I will see you soon again."

Where he went, or how he went, Query Queer, for the life of him, could not tell. Just at that moment his mother touched him on the shoulder. "Why, Query! You almost look as if you had been asleep, and it's only ten o'clock in the morning. You must get to bed earlier to-night. Come now, get ready for church."

That morning the minister read the story of the good Samaritan.

As they were going home from church, Query said, "Mother, I like that story the minister read, and I understand it, too."

"I am glad, Query," said his mother.

"Yes; it means that we all belong to each other."

V

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG

It was a warm day in June, so warm that it was hot. Query Queer lay in the shadow of a maple tree in the front yard. He loved the "feel" of the soft cool grass on his hands and cheeks. As he lay on his side, he could see the flag rippling ever so gently over the door. As he gazed at it intently, one of the stars seemed to slip right off the field of blue and float over to where he lay.

Just as it reached him, he heard a *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink,* and a bit of a laugh which he recognized. He had heard the merry little laugh before.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man. How did you get here without my seeing you?"

"Oh, I just sailed over in my white air-ship. There she goes," said he, point-

ing to what had seemed to Query Queer to be a star.

"Why, that's nothing but a bit of thistledown!" said Query.

"Yes, that's what I call my ship, *The Thistledown.*"

"What are you doing to-day, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man?"

"I am helping with the flags to-day," he replied. "You know this is Flag Day."

"Yes, I know," said Query. "The minister spoke about it in church to-day. But what do you do with the flags?"

"Lots of things. I am ever so busy.

"I brush the dust from their glorious bars;
I polish up their gleaming stars;
I fill them full of wondrous light,
Till they shine by day, as stars by night;
I try, by all my crafts and arts,
To put the flag into people's hearts."

"You put the flag into people's hearts? That's just what I was wondering about when you came along. The minister said this morning that we should put the flag

into people's hearts. I wish you'd tell me how you do it."

"Oh, there are lots of ways," said Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man.

"Have you a flag for the City of Is-To-Be?" asked Query.

"Of course; every place has its flag."

"What is yours like?"

"It's just like yours. We call it the Stars and Stripes, too."

"Isn't that queer?" said Query.

"It *is* a bit strange, but then the flag is so beautiful that I think at least two countries ought to have it, don't you? Besides, our country is so far away that the flags won't get mixed."

"And in your country," said Query, "do you put the flag into the hearts of the people?"

"Certainly. Have you never heard how they did it, once upon a time?"

Query shook his head.

"Well, then, I will tell you." With that he stretched out on the grass, leaning on his right elbow, and talked to Query who lay stretched out, leaning on his left elbow.

Just about the time that the City of As-It-Is was being changed to the City of Is-To-Be, a great many people came to it from other countries. They were called foreigners. They were quite different from the people of As-It-Is. They dressed differently, had different customs, and of course spoke other languages. Some of them had dark hair, dark skins, dark eyes. Others had light skins, light hair, high cheek bones, and blue eyes. Most of them lived in the poorest part of the valley, where the streets were narrowest and the tenements were dingiest and dirtiest.

The people who had lived a long time in the city of As-It-Is did not like these foreigners very well. They called them rude names, and did not make friends with them, and treated them shabbily. Their children often made fun of the children of the strangers. So it was not surprising that many of these people became bitterly disappointed and homesick, and frequently said unpleasant things about the city. Some of them even said bold, bad things about the flag.

When the citizens of As-It-Is heard these things, they were greatly troubled, and some of them were much excited and very angry. Meetings were held throughout the city to determine what should be done.

One of these meetings was held in the Church of the Friendly Heart. Mr. Friend-o'-Man, Mr. Good-Neighbor, Mr. Work-Hard, and Dr. Great-Heart were all there. Indeed, there were so many there that I have forgotten their names.

"They say," said one speaker, "that they do not love our country or our flag. There is Tony Morrelli. He says he likes the flag of his own country better; red and white and green. He thinks it is much finer than the Stars and Stripes."

"And there is Max Schweitzer. He says he likes the red flag, with the white cross in the middle, and that it is much finer than the Stars and Stripes."

"And Gustaf Johannsen says the flag for him is the blue one with the yellow cross on it and red, yellow, and blue in the corner."

"And Alexander Margolis, who speaks Greek, hangs the blue flag with the white

bars and the white cross on the front of his house. He says he doesn't want the Stars and Stripes."

"Worst of all," said another speaker, "there's Red Radical. He loves the plain red flag. He says 'Down with the Stars and Stripes and up with the red flag!'"

"It is, indeed, a very serious matter, that we have people among us who do not love our flag and do not think it the most beautiful in the world. What are we going to do about it?"

"Mr. Chairman," said a speaker rising, "I propose that we send these people all back home. If they do not like our flag, then let them go to a country whose flag they do like."

"Mr. Chairman," said a second speaker, "I think we should put them into prison."

"I think, Mr. Chairman," said a third speaker, much excited, "that any person who makes remarks about the Star Spangled Banner should be tarred and feathered and made to kiss the flag."

"It seems to me, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man calmly, "that we ought

to put the flag into the hearts of all these foreigners."

"How would you put the flag into their hearts?" asked two or three at once.

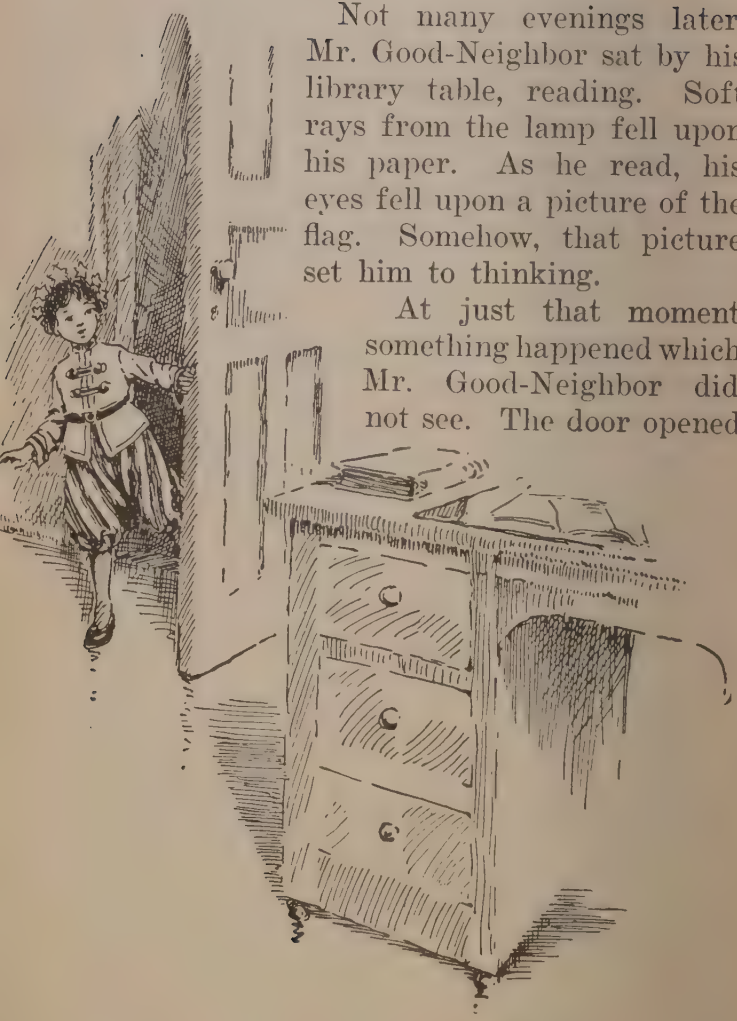
"There are many ways of doing it," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "if we only have the spirit of the flag. I think we ought to ask God to send us the spirit of the flag. Then we will know how to do it."

So they asked God to send them the spirit of the flag.

"Before we separate," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "perhaps some one will tell us something more about this man, Red Radical."

"I can," said a volunteer. "He is a poor man living in a wretched tenement. He has a large family and a sick wife. He frequently has no work, and at such times there is no bread in the house. He has lately come from a far northern country and knows little about our language and customs. He reads books and listens to speeches which say that this country is bad and its laws are not just."

After some further discussion the meeting adjourned.



Not many evenings later, Mr. Good-Neighbor sat by his library table, reading. Soft rays from the lamp fell upon his paper. As he read, his eyes fell upon a picture of the flag. Somehow, that picture set him to thinking.

At just that moment something happened which Mr. Good-Neighbor did not see. The door opened

a wee crack, just wide enough to let in a small, slender visitor. He was gaily clad. He had silk trousers (or they looked like silk), striped red and white. His jacket was blue, and his face was wreathed in stars. Of course it was the Spirit of the Flag. Because he was a spirit, Mr. Good-Neighbor could not see him. He tripped gaily, but softly, across the room to where Mr. Good-Neighbor sat and took him by the hand.

Mr. Good-Neighbor did not feel the hand in his, but, marvelous to say, at just that instant, he began to think about Red Radical and his little children. "Perhaps they are hungry," thought he. "Work has been scarce of late, and they may not have enough to eat." The thought of hungry little children was quite dreadful.

So, although it was quite late, he rose and packed a basket full of good things to eat. There were oranges, apples, cakes, and jellies, and a stack of other nice things. Right on top, and in the middle of the basket, he perched a little flag of red, white, and blue.

He did not know exactly where Red

Radical lived, but the Spirit of the Flag took him by the hand and led the way. It was not long before he found himself at the right place. He climbed a flight of stairs and knocked at a battered and dingy door. A pale, surly man opened it.

"Is this Mr. Radical's house?" asked Mr. Good-Neighbor.

"My name is Radical, yes. Who are you, and what is your business?" he asked with a half-frightened air.

"I am just a friend; I want to leave this basket."

Red made as if to close the door.

"It's for the children," said Mr. Good-Neighbor, whereat Red relented and opened the door wider.

"Come in," he said, with little grace.

The basket surely came just in time, for there was little to eat in the house. After Mr. Good-Neighbor said good night, what shouts there were from the children, as they took one thing after another from the wonderful basket.

"See!" said Red, Jr., as he picked up the little flag. "What a pretty flag!"

But the father only said, "Huh."

Not many evenings later, Dr. Great-Heart sat in his office. He had just finished a hard day's work and had settled down in his easy-chair to rest. As he leaned his head back, his eye fell on the big flag that hung on the wall. At that minute the office door opened just wide enough and long enough to let in a short and slender figure with striped trousers, blue jacket, and a face wreathed in stars.

Dr. Great-Heart could not see the Spirit of the Flag as he tripped over to his chair, or feel him as he took him gently by the hand. But, wonderful to relate, at just that moment, he thought of Red Radical and his wife. He had not seen her for a long time. He had heard she was ill. Perhaps they had no money so that they could not send for him. He had better go and see.

So he pulled on his great-coat again, took his bag and started out. The Spirit of the Flag walked by his side, to help him find the way. It was not long before he reached the place, climbed the stairs, and

knocked at the battered and dingy door. Red Radical opened it, paused a moment in surprise, and then let the doctor in. Sure enough, Red's wife was sick and looked very pale. The doctor left some medicine. "Just to make it look gay," he said, "and to take away the bitter taste," he stuck a tiny flag into the cork of the bottle, and with a hearty "good night" he was gone.

When Red gave his wife the first dose of medicine, he removed the flag, looked at it on both sides, and stuck it in a vase. He did not throw it aside.

A few evenings later, Mr. Work-Hard, the mason, sat by the table when supper was over, listening to his children talk about the parade and the band and the flags. As they spoke about the flags, the door opened just a crack for just a second, and there slipped in a little figure in red, white, and blue. Mr. Work-Hard did not see him. Nobody saw him, as he tripped over to the mason and took him by the hand. Strange to say, at just that instant Mr. Work-Hard chanced to think of Red Radical.

"I wonder," thought he, "whether he has any work these days. These are hard days to be without work. I believe I'll go over and see."

He did not know the way very well, but, with the good little guide by his side, he found it easily. Soon he had reached the place, climbed the stairs, and knocked at the battered and dingy door.

Red opened the door and, after a little chat, he quickly agreed to work for the mason. While the door was open, Mr. Work-Hard saw how poor and bare were the rooms where Red Radical lived. So on Saturday night, when he paid Red, he put in an extra bill, neatly wrapped in a tiny silk flag.

When Red opened his envelope that night, and found what was inside, he took the flag, smoothed it out gently, and stuck it into the button-hole of his coat.

"A pretty flag," said his wife, "isn't it?"

"Not bad," said Red.

Not long after, Mr. Service and his Sunday-school class of boys were meeting in

BERKELEY

their room at the Church of the Friendly Heart. They were talking about what the flag stood for. Beside them, though they did not see him, stood a little figure in red, white, and blue. He smiled to think that he could see them and they could not see him. They did not hear him say a word. At the very moment he took his place beside them, they began to speak about Red Radical and his family.

"What can we do for them?" asked Mr. Service.

"We could play ball together," said one.

"We might invite them to the picnic," said another.

"They could help with our Christmas tree, when Christmas comes around," said a third.

"And we could give them some Christmas presents," said another.

At just about that same hour, Miss Bright-Mind and her class of girls were meeting in another room at the Church of the Friendly Heart. They, too, were talking about the flag. A little figure in red, white, and blue stole into the room, just as

they began to speak about Red Radical and the others.

"We ought to do something for them," said Miss Bright-Mind.

"We can teach their mother our language," said one.

"We might find some hair ribbons for the girls," said another.

"We could visit Mrs. Red Radical; we could take her some flowers and help her tidy up the house."

"Yes, and we could take some fresh milk for the baby, or take her around to the Day Nursery."

The work of all was just as good as their words. The boys asked the youngsters to play ball and invited them to the picnic. When Christmas came around, the Christmas celebration was doubly joyful because Red Radical's children had helped to trim the tree.

The girls went often to Red Radical's house; they taught the family their language and customs; they visited Mrs. Radical when she was sick, and carried her flowers; they carried milk from the Milk

Station for the baby; they took the children to the Day Nursery. They trimmed the Christmas-tree with tinsel and lights and put on it a gift for every member of the family. They hung on the tree, also, a gift which came from the boys, marked "For all." Red himself opened it and unfolded a beautiful silk flag.

He looked at it a moment, then waved it while the children danced about. "Hurrah!" they shouted. "Yes, hurrah!" said Red. "I used to think the red flag was the most beautiful flag, but now I think a flag is much lovelier if it also has white and blue in it. This is the flag for me!"

Of course we are not to think for a moment that Red Radical and his family accepted all these gifts and kindnesses and did nothing in return. Instead, they gave to Mr. Good-Neighbor, and Dr. Great-Heart, and Mr. Work-Hard, and the boys and girls, beautiful, strange things that they had brought with them from the northern country from which they came. Giving these things made them very happy. In this way they all learned to know and

like each other and soon they became fast friends.

Mr. Good-Neighbor gave Red Radical some books that told him all about the country. Often, Dr. Great-Heart used to stop and talk with him about what the flag stood for.

Mr. Work-Hard gave Red Radical a good job and finally took him into his business. Furthermore, Red Radical and his family went to the Church of the Friendly Heart, where they became so friendly and interested that they were always sure of a warm welcome.

It was all these things that made Red Radical very sure that the Stars and Stripes was a much lovelier flag than the red one.

While Mr. Good-Neighbor, and Dr. Great-Heart, and Mr. Work-Hard, and the boys and girls were doing kind things for Red Radical, and becoming friends, the Spirit of the Flag was leading many other people of the Church of the Friendly Heart to do kind things for Tony Morrelli, and Max Schweitzer, and Gustaf Johannsen,

and Alexander Margolis, and a great many other foreigners whose names I cannot remember or even pronounce, and to become their friends.

Some time after this, a war broke out between that land and a neighboring country. It was the war Captain Blackman and Mr. Wong's son were in, that I have already told you about. When the city called for volunteers, many of its people asked, "What will the foreigners do? Will they fight for us?"

They need not have been afraid, for among the first to go were Tony and Max and Gustaf and Alexander and Red Radical. There were no braver soldiers than these. It was a terrible war. Many men fell, but at last the Stars and Stripes waved victoriously over the City of As-It-Is and the other cities of that land.

The Wise-and-Wonder-Man paused, took a deep breath, and sat up.

"Is that all?" asked Query.

"Yes, I think that's about all."

"But what became of Red Radical?

You said he went to the war. Did he prove to be a loyal soldier?"

"Yes, Red Radical was a brave and loyal soldier. In one of the worst battles he was shot and killed. In his pocket, wrapped in a bit of red, white, and blue, was a soiled piece of paper on which he had written in rough handwriting: 'If I am killed, you will find the Stars and Stripes written on my heart.'

"Well, I must be going," said the Wise-and-Wonder-Man, rising to his feet with a *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink*. "I have a of things to do before I sleep."

By the time Query Queer got to his feet, his visitor had vanished. He saw *The Thistledown* sailing away on the wind, and he thought he heard a bit of song:

"I brush the dust from their glorious bars;
I polish up their gleaming stars;
I fill them full of wondrous light,
Till they shine by day, as stars by night;
I try, by all my crafts and arts,
To put the flag into people's hearts."

VI

MR. FRIEND-O'-MAN GETS HIS NAME

When Query Queer jumped into bed that night, he took a book with him and left the light turned on.

"Now, Query, my boy," said his mother, "you must put up your book, put out your light, and go to sleep."

"Yes, Mother, just as soon as I finish this chapter."

Query read for a while, then the words began to get mussed up and his mind began to wander. He ran across the word "neighbor;" that made him think of the story the minister read; and that made him think of the neighborhood the Wise-and-Wonder-Man told him about; and that made him think of Mr. Friend-o'-Man.

"I wonder—I wonder—" said he, half to himself.

Tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink.

"Well," said a voice just beside him, "that makes two wonders."

"Why, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, have you come back?"

"No," said the little man in blue and bells, from his seat on the edge of the bed.

> "Did you never hear of Stay-at-Home Jack?
> Oho and Oho! Alas and alack!
> Who never went away, so never came back."

"I was just on my way home when I saw your light and so I dropped in to make you a little call."

"What have you been doing?" asked Query.

"Oh, I have been talking to folks when they didn't know it, trying to have them make this community a city like ours. But what were you wondering about as I came in?"

"I was thinking about Mr. Friend-o'-Man," replied Query, "and wondering where he came from."

"Why, from the Distant Land, as I told you once."

"But what is its name?"

"That's its name, Distant Land."

"And how did Mr. Friend-o'-Man get his name?"

"Well, he was born with part of it, and part of it was given to him, so I have heard. You see he lived a great while ago. But people still tell stories about him in Is-To-Be, just as you tell stories about Abraham Lincoln. Would you like to hear about how he got his name? Well, I will tell you, if you keep your eyes open wide enough, so that I can see their color."

Distant Land was a long way off. It was a big country. It had one great city where the king lived. The name of this city was Well-Done. There were many villages where most of the people lived. And many of these villagers did not know much about the city. Some of them never saw it till they were old men. And some of them never saw it at all.

One of these villages that was so far from the king's city was noted for its wonderful athletes. It was called the

Village of Seek. We do not know why, but perhaps it was because everybody was seeking to outdo everybody else. It was noted for its games and contests, particularly for its races. Its young men were marvelous runners.

These contests became so famous that at last they attracted the attention of the king, who went down from the City of Well-Done to the Village of Seek on one of the great days to see the young men run. He himself gave the wreaths of victory to the winners.

After he had given the prizes to the successful ones, he said to them, "You have done well. You have run some difficult races. Now I propose a greater one, longer and harder than any you have yet engaged in." Whereat all the young men looked at him eagerly and intently, for they knew no harder races than the ones they had run that day.

"Indeed," resumed the king, "it is the longest and greatest race there is. It is the race from the Village of Seek to the City of Well-Done, where my great palace

stands. Only those with the most spirit, skill, and endurance should try it. To the winner in such a race, the one who reaches there first, I will give wealth, honor, and a name."

"Where is the City of Well-Done?" asked one of the young men.

"It lies far from here, to the west," said the king, "and the way to it is long, difficult, and sometimes hard to find. Are there any who wish to enter the race? If so, let them raise their hands."

"I!" "I!" said many, as hands shot up.

On the appointed day, the runners appeared in the middle of the Village of Seek. There were not so many there as had volunteered. For some had come to feel that the way was too long. They wore numbers, as do all runners in a race. There was Number 1, Number 2, Number 3, Number 4, and several others, but they did not count, for they soon fell out, and only the four young men with numbers really made an effort to win the race. Number 1 had cold gray eyes and thin lips which seemed to say, "I shall win, or no-

body shall." Number 2 had a firm chin which he carried high, and he wore the look of one not often beaten. Number 3 was a slender youth with a thin face and bright spots on his high cheeks. Number 4 was tall, kindly-faced and thoughtful. When the runners took their places, the king gave his final directions, then started quickly back to the city by the shortest route, so as to be there when the runners arrived.

"The City of Well-Done," said he, waving his royal hand toward the setting sun, "lies over yonder. Take this dusty road which leads to the west. Over the horizon, beyond the Town of Human-Need runs the Difficult River. Beyond the river and a grassy track lies the Crossing of the Ways. Beyond the Crossing of the Ways and the Rocky Trail lies the City of Well-Done. Is all made plain?"

"It is, your Majesty," said the runners.

"Then, good luck, and may the truest and bravest win!"

And then, at the word of command, the runners put their toes to the mark, ready

to leap forward; and a moment later they were pushing ahead on the long, taxing race.

They ran for hours and hours along the dusty road, over the horizon, and through the Town of Human-Need. At the outskirts of the town stood an old man with an enormous pack upon his back. His shoes were old, his clothes were dusty, his knees were bent, his shoulders stooped, and his brow was wet because of his heavy load.

He had struggled on, too proud to ask for help, but the time had come when he felt he must have a hand. He paused and looked around and saw the runners coming. Number 1 was first. As he came up, strong and sturdy, the old man lifted up his hand to halt him. "Friend," he said, "can you give an old man a lift with his pack?"

But the runner only shook his head as he darted by. "Every man for himself; I must look out for Number 1."

A few seconds later came Number 2. "Friend," said the old man lifting his

hand, "can you give an old man a lift with this pack?"

"No," said the runner, "I have all I can carry; I must be getting on."

On his heels came Number 3.

"Friend," said the old man, "can you give an old man a lift with this pack?"

"I'd like to, old man, but if I did I should lose my place. I've got to keep up."

Last of all came Number 4.

"Friend," said the old man.

The runner halted. "What is it?" he asked, "for Friend is my name."

"Can you give an old man a lift with his pack,
That is bending his knees and breaking his back?

"Just a pound or two; I can manage the rest," said the old man.

"Where are you bound for?" asked the runner.

"The City of Well-Done, if I can ever get there."

"I am going that way myself," said the runner. "Let me take your pack."

With his strong arms he lifted the heavy pack from the old man's back and put it

upon his own broad shoulders. "God bless you, friend," said the old man. "And, friend," he called as the runner started on,

> "If on your journey you something lack,
> Perhaps you'll find it in my pack."

Friend ran on with the pack upon his shoulders. Not long after, he saw before him something bright and shining. It was the Difficult River that ran across the road and as far as one could see to right or left.

The other three runners had long ago reached it. They were scurrying here and there, looking for some way to get across. There was a bridge and a gateway, but the gate-keeper was gone and the gate was locked. Friend tried it and tried it again. Then of a sudden he remembered the old man's words:

> "If on your journey you something lack,
> Perhaps you'll find it in my pack."

He felt in the pack, and right on top was a bright and shining key. It fitted the lock. The gate swung open and Friend

was first over the bridge and across the Difficult River.

The other three runners followed quickly after, and soon all four were speeding over the grassy trail that lay beyond.

Hours ahead, close by the trail, stood a stranger. He was hatless and bewildered. He had lost his way and, half-frightened, he waited for some one to direct him. As he lingered, he saw the runners and took courage. As the first runner came up, he lifted his hand as if to question them concerning the direction.

"Stranger," he called, "would you stop a moment and tell me the way?"

But the runner only shook his head and darted by. "Every one for himself," he called. "I must look out for Number 1."

Then the second runner came.

"Stranger," called the wanderer, lifting his hand, "would you stop a moment and tell me the way?" But the second runner replied, "I haven't time. I must be getting on."

Close on his heels came Number 3.

"Stranger," called the wanderer, lifting

his hand, "would you stop a moment to tell me the way?"

"I am sorry," said the runner, "but if I should stop, I would lose my place. I must keep my place in the contest." He had scarcely spoken when Number 4 came running up. Before the lost man could speak, the runner stopped.

"What is it, traveler?" he asked.

> "Would you stop a moment to tell me the way?
> I have wandered about for days and a day."

"Where are you bound for?" asked Friend.

"The City of Well-Done, if I can ever find it."

"I am going there myself," replied the runner; "come along with me."

Hours afterward they reached the Crossing of the Ways. There were many roads. Some of them ran here and some of them ran there. One ran to the right and one to the left and one in between. The first three runners had long since reached the place. There was a sign-board with directions, but they were in a language that

none of the runners could read. Number 1 went to the right, Number 2 went to the left, and Number 3 took the road between. But these roads all led to nowhere. As Friend came up, he could see the runners in the distance all turning back.

"Which is the right road, I wonder," said Friend.

"I do not know," responded his companion, "but there is a sign-board. It must tell."

"I think it does," said Friend, as he walked up to where it stood, "but I cannot read it. It is in a strange language which I do not know."

"I can read it," said his companion. "It is my native tongue. It says that travelers to the City of Well-Done should take this rocky trail."

So Number 4 was the first to pass the Crossing of the Ways. The others, who had seen him and watched the way he took, came panting along behind him and soon were hurrying on ahead.

It was a rocky trail indeed. It was hard to keep one's footing.

Hours ahead by the roadside sat an injured man. He had slipped on a rock and broken his leg. With skill he had bound it up, and by the help of his staff he had worked his way painfully along until he could go no farther. Now he sat by the side of the trail, waiting for help, if help should come.

He had about given up hope when he heard footsteps on the rocks. It was the first of the runners.

"Brother," he called feebly as the youth came up, "would you give a poor man the crook of your arm?"

But the runner only shook his head as he darted by. "Every man for himself. I must look out for Number 1."

Then came the second.

"Brother," said the man, "would you give a poor man the crook of your arm?"

"I haven't time," came the answer. "I must be getting on."

Then came Number 3.

"Brother," said the injured man, "would you give a poor man the crook of your arm?"

"I am sorry, my man, but if I should stop I would lose my place. I've got to keep up."

Close on his heels came Number 4. Just as he was about to pass Number 3, he saw the man sitting by the side of the trail and stopped. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Could you give a poor man the crook of your arm? He has slipped on the rocks and come to some harm."

"No," said the runner, "but I will take you on my back."

"You are too kind, sir," said the injured man. "You already have a big pack on your back. That's quite enough for you to carry."

"Oh, you mistake," said the runner. "This pack does not seem heavy. It has only added to my strength. It has made my shoulders strong and my legs sturdy and my heart sound. And my pack has grown lighter every mile. It will make a fine seat for you."

So he stooped down and took the injured man on his back. The man sat on the pack and let his legs fall forward over the young man's shoulder. Then Friend resumed his way. Soon they came to a steep place covered with slippery sand. When one stepped on it, it slipped beneath one's feet. A little way up the hill floundered Number 3, a few yards beyond was Number 2, and just ahead was Number 1. They struggled and slipped and slid, and struggled and slipped and slid.

"Let me get down," said the injured man to Friend. "You will never get up with me on your back."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Friend. "This sand is just on the surface. Your weight will cause my feet to sink through to the solid ground beneath."

"Then take my staff," said the man, "for it will help."

Sure enough, with the weight on his back and the aid of the staff, Friend slowly but surely climbed the steep place and reached the level stretch beyond.

With the aid of the staff, which Number

4 kindly lent them, the others finally made their way up the steep, and with a burst of speed they overtook Number 4 and left him behind.

Some distance ahead a child was trudging along. He had walked some distance and was tired. As the runners one by one came up, the child held out his arms to them and called, "Man! won't you let me take you by the hand?"

The first one scarcely looked at him as he sped by. "Look out for yourself. I look out for Number 1."

The second runner shook his head with the words:

"Don't bother me. I am in a race. I must be getting on."

The third said, "I would like to, lad, but your legs are so short that if I took your hand I never in the world could keep up. I would surely lose my place."

Then came the fourth, who stopped and listened to the child.

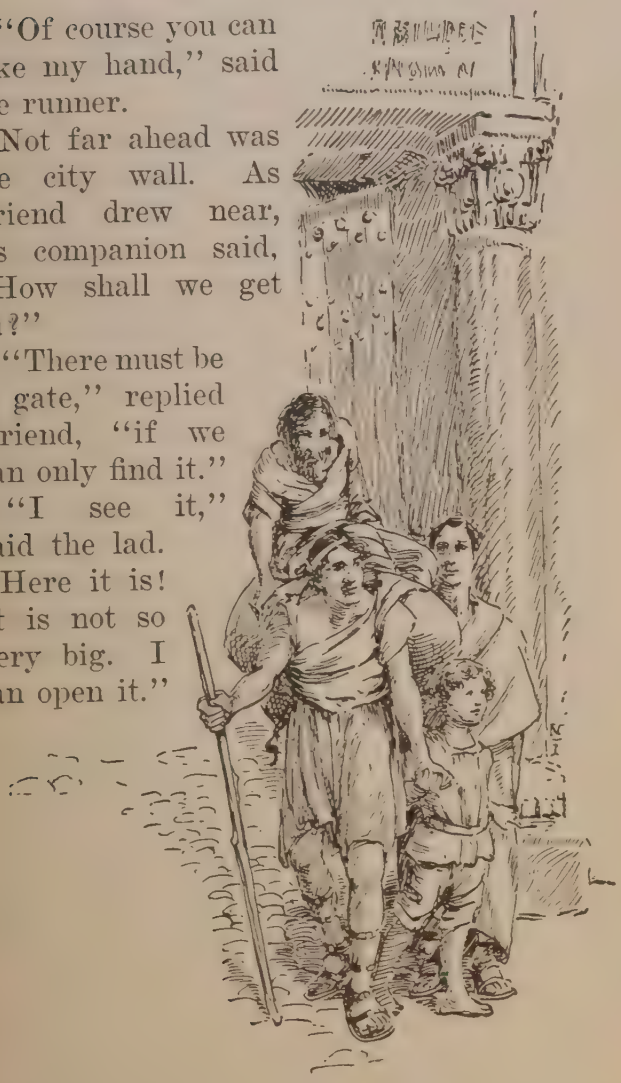
"Won't you let me take you by the hand?
My legs are tired from the slippery sand."

"Of course you can take my hand," said the runner.

Not far ahead was the city wall. As Friend drew near, his companion said, "How shall we get in?"

"There must be a gate," replied Friend, "if we can only find it."

"I see it," said the lad. "Here it is! It is not so very big. I can open it."



You see, the contestants had run so fast as they approached the city wall that not one of them spied the gate. And they all shot swiftly by. They ran far beyond, and at that moment were trying frantically to find the entrance.

As for the great crowd, the king's courier had announced that the runners were coming, and the people had met to greet them. The king himself was there to see the finish of the great race.

As Number 4 came up, his companion by his side, the heavy pack upon his back, the lame man on the pack, the staff in his right hand and the child's hand in his left, a great shout and cheer went up from the crowd. The king took the runner by the hand.

"Well done! Well done!" said he. "The race is yours."

Then the king gave him great wealth and put a garland about his neck.

"What is your name?" asked the king. "A noble one, I'll venture."

"No, your Majesty, not noble at all. It's the very plain name of Friend."

"Then I will make it noble," said the king. "It shall be Friend-o'-Man.

"There are noble titles, noble names,
That he may wear who can,
But the noblest name among them all,
Is simply Friend-o'-Man."

So the king, as I have said, gave him great wealth and prizes and a noble name. Other honors the king also gave him. He made him his private messenger and sent him here and there on errands of kindness and mercy throughout all that Distant Land. His special province was to try to make all men friends, to teach them good customs, and to give them good laws, in the name of the king. So that's how he got his name—so they say.

"But, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, how did he chance to come to the City of As-It-Is?" asked Query Queer.

"Well, for one thing, he had the spirit of adventure. He heard of our city when he was far away and wanted to visit it.

Then, too, I suspect he came to help to make it a more beautiful city."

"Was he a sort of missionary?" asked Query.

"Ye-es," said Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, "he must have been a missionary for he made our city so much better. He helped to change the city, as I told you, and gave it a song and a motto. I will sing our song again, if you'd like me to."

CITY SONG

We live in the City of Is-To-Be,
The finest city on earth;
The city of love and charity,
The city of joy and mirth.

We live in the City of Is-To-Be,
The happiest city you'll find;
Where everybody has a friend,
And everybody is kind.

We live in the City of Is-To-Be,
The sweetest in the land;
The streets are clean, the air is pure,
There are flowers on every hand.

We live in the City of Is-To-Be,
The kindest under the sun;
Where no one envies, no one scorns,
And high and low are one.

You may have your town, wherever it is,
But the only city for me
Is the one where each is the friend of all,—
The City of Is-To-Be.

"I like that song," said Query. "But what was the motto of the city?"

"Oh, it's very simple and short.

"Only he can win the race,
Along life's dusty road,
Who stops to give a helping hand,
And carry his neighbor's load."

"That makes me think," said Query. "Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man, did those other runners ever reach the City of Well-Done?"

"Well, really, I don't know. I never heard. You hear about those who win, you know, and not about those who lose. Well, good night. I'm off." And with a faint *tinkle-tankle-tinkle-tankle-tink* of tiny bells, he disappeared.

"Why, Query! your light is not out yet!" said his mother.

"I am just going to put it out," said Query.

"What have you been doing all this time?"

"Oh, nothing,—just thinking."

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